

The moment Sander had returned to his room, a panel on the wall activated, bathing him in a soft, electronic glow. Sander sat down, rubbing his eyes sleepily; Mara's face dominated the glowing screen, and she was looking way too irritated for the late hour.

'Sander, you said you'd share,' Mara said.

Sander turned himself to the panel and raised an eyebrow for the little camera mounted above it, 'You were watching us?'

'Yes.'

'While we were having sex? That's a little creepy, Mara.'

'Actually, I tapped out when she was giving you head, but you can't turn the speakers off, Sander. Also, you did say to keep Amy's cell under constant surveillance. It'd be more than useless if nobody is watching the camera feeds.'

'It's still creepy, Mara.'

Mara sighed, and brushed her fringe aside, 'I feel that you're missing my main point, boss man. You need to start sharing your toys with the other children, or they won't want to play with you anymore.'

Sander sat back and gave Mara his most charming smile, 'Look, what happened tonight wasn't something that I had planned on, okay? Amy just looked so good I... I couldn't help myself. I mean, you had to have seen her too, right?'

'Showering...' Mara's face grew dreamy and wistful. She drifted off into fantasy.

'Exactly!' Sander exclaimed, snapping Mara back to reality. 'Well, anyway, you can have your turn when I'm done sleeping. I intend to fit her with the device as soon as I'm awake, but after that, you and Shimizu can go nuts. Just find a way to decide who goes first.'

'Alright, Sander...' Mara said warily. 'Just remember, you need us as much as we need you.'

'How could I ever forget? Now, leave me alone. It's so damn late.'

Sander stood outside the cell door, contemplating whether to send another hologram through first. He doubted that Amy would try exactly the same tactic again, but who knew how desperate she was feeling? Humans do some weird things when their backs are pressed against the wall.

He absently tossed the shining silver circlet up into the air, watching it shimmer and spin, before making sure to catch it. It may have only taken a short time to fabricate, but the thing was extremely expensive. Probably quite entertaining, but expensive.

He opted against the hologram, mostly because Mara was poking him in the small of his back and hopping anxiously from foot to foot. She wanted in bad.

As the door slid open, Sander was surprised to find Amy sitting upright on the bed, staring at him expectantly. In a way, it was sort of disappointing. He had hoped for a LITTLE fight, even if it was futile. He liked the way her cheeks flushed when she saw him, probably at the memory of her actions last night, but that was the extent of her discomfort. She did tense up when Mara entered after him, so maybe she could guess at what was coming.

'Hello, Amy!' Sander said brightly.

'Yeah, hi...' Amy said flatly. She was trying hard not to meet his gaze, while simultaneously not allowing him to leave her sight. It was interesting to see how her eyes seemed to settle on Mara, with a vague expression of trepidation.

'No need to sound so enthusiastic,' Sander deadpanned. 'I got you a present.' He extended a hand and proffered the thin ring of silver.

'What is it?' Amy narrowed her eyes as she took the gift, holding it gingerly as though it might explode.

'It's jewellery, Amy. You wear it around your neck.'

'Go on, put it on,' Mara said, laying on the friendliness just a little too thickly.

'Why?' Amy asked warily.

'Oh, look,' Mara huffed, grinning so that her canine teeth were prominently displayed. 'We all know that the damn thing is bad news for you. We also know that I'm gonna hit you with the Arclight if you don't put it on, so hey.'

'Mara!' Sander exclaimed.

'What? You might wanna play around with her, but I don't. Look at her; she knows that you didn't give her that collar for her benefit.'

'So, um-' Amy began, then jumped as Mara threw a dramatically pointed finger at her.

'Put the collar on, slave!' She snapped. Sometimes, this level of directness could make Mara seem refreshingly charming. This was not one of those times. Sander had seen the look in Mara's eyes before, but only in creatures with extremely large teeth as they circled smaller, defenseless creatures.

'You'd better do it,' Sander sighed. 'I can't stop her now, she's like a boulder rolling downhill when she gets like this. Best not to aggravate her.'

'Okay...' Amy rolled her eyes, exasperation creeping into her voice. Sander noted this with slight concern; she had clearly decided that, although the situation was less than ideal, Sander and his crew weren't going to cause her any serious harm. On the one hand, less fear meant less potentially painful escape attempts. On the other, fear lent a certain drama to the affair that was important, since every moment of this was being streamed almost live to the Doctor, bounced around the universe and then forced through every video and audio device on the TARDIS. Sander made a note to try and up the ante, adding a few more strange and above all, fun scenarios.

The little silver collar slid around Amy's neck and closed with a click that bounced off the walls almost ominously. Also ominous was Mara's new smile as she gave a long, almost cartoonish evil laugh.

'Amy,' Mara began. 'Command: stand up.'

Amy stood, her movements mechanical, as Sander watched closely.

'I didn't do that!' Amy squeaked

'Hmm, seems like the interface is slightly out of synch. Give me a second.' He moved behind Amy and began fiddling with the back of the collar. 'There. Try it again.'

Mara clapped her hands, 'Amy, Command: Sit down.'

Amy flopped back down onto the bed. She made a little frightened noise at the back of her throat.

'Command collar,' Mara said. 'Gotta love it.'

'It's a lattice of nanotechnology, designed specifically to dampen your brainwaves and add some new signals upon the utterance of a command word.' Sander said. 'It's also really, really expensive, so, Command: do not attempt to break, remove or otherwise deactivate your collar, Amy.'

'It's a mind control collar?' Amy yelled. 'Really? Why are you going to so much trouble? Is it really worth it, just to get back at the Doctor? The guy who keeps saving the universe, time and again?'

'Yes,' Sander nodded. 'The Doctor saves the universe, saves countless people. But then there are those who lose out, who are the casualties of the Doctor's desperate need for altruism. And doesn't that just suck?'

Sander moved to the door, but turned on the threshold, looking over his shoulder into the room, 'Besides, I'd be lying if I said I wasn't enjoying this plan simply on its own merits. I'm going to leave you with Mara now. She'll take good care of you. You girls have fun now. And

remember, Mara: the Doctor is watching!’ Sander laughed, jogging out into the hall. Mara turned, and Amy suddenly seemed very small compared to the evilly grinning blonde. ‘Hi, Amy...’ Mara crooned, taking a seat next to the captive girl at a distance she classified as “too close.” She shortly began to feel Mara’s fingers tracing up the soft curve of her hourglass waist. Amy shrank away from Mara’s touch; it would be a lie for her to intimate that she had never thought about having it off with another girl, but that had always been a strictly intellectual exercise, not even a fantasy. It had simply been a question: how would it be different from what she had already experienced?

‘Are you going to be a good girl for me, Amy?’ Mara purred into Amy’s ear, her tongue slipping out to brush her earlobe. Mara’s arms now encircled Amy’s waist, just under her breasts, holding her close enough that Mara’s playful blue eyes dominated Amy’s vision. By itself it was an unassuming thing, but the Command Collar lay against the skin of Amy’s neck, feeling ominously heavy. Experimentally, she tried to lift her hands to touch the thin silver ring, finding that, although her fingers tensed and stretched upwards, she was unable to move her hands at all. When she attempted to move to push Mara away, she found herself perfectly mobile again. Mara’s hands tightened almost painfully around Amy’s waist in response to her resistance.

‘That’s not a good idea, sweet thing...’ Mara murmured, nuzzling against Amy’s shoulder before planting a single, soft nip with her teeth on the exposed skin. Amy whimpered, a sound that just spurred Mara to repeat the action. She had always been an extremely tactile lover.

Amy had repeated her attempt to find some decently modest clothing in the wardrobe, and had achieved a similar level of success. One thing was certain, Sander loved skirts, the shorter the better, and Amy knew why that was. This time, she had opted for a black miniskirt, not even bothering to attempt modesty this time. No matter what, she was going to look incredibly attractive for as long as Sander was picking her clothes, so why bother? She completed her outfit with a shirt that was tight enough to hug her plentiful curves, but was at least long enough to cover her stomach. That wasn’t something that could be said for most of the clothes in her cell.

Mara’s lips trailed along Amy’s neck, teeth and tongue occasionally protruding to tease her pale flesh. Her mouth traveled up, across the line of Amy’s jaw before planting a firm kiss to her lips.

‘Mmmph!’ Amy whined as Mara’s lips pressed against her own. She gasped for breath as the blonde woman pulled away, ‘Wait, stop-’

‘Command: shut up,’ Mara whispered. Amy’s mouth snapped shut and she found herself unable even to whimper. ‘You’re mine now, Amy. I get to play with you for a while, so relax.’ Mara gave Amy a naughty smile, ‘Hell, you might even enjoy it. Or not, I don’t really care. And besides,’ Mara turned herself, putting her face in line with Amy’s ear. ‘Rather than silencing you, I could put your voice to good use. Command...’

Mara’s voice trailed off almost into imperceptibility. Amy’s eyes grew wider as Mara talked, and she blushed. When she was done, Mara slithered off of Amy and stood, staring at her expectantly.

‘I’m your whore,’ Amy heard her voice drawl, her Scottish accented tones practically gilding the air in sexuality and lust. ‘I will do anything that you demand of me. My body is yours. If you wish for me to lick your pussy, I will gladly offer you my tongue. I’ll even beg for it...’ Amy choked off a sob as her submissive speech came to a close, tears sliding down her rapidly reddening cheeks. She lowered her head, auburn hair falling around her face in a curtain, tears pooling in her lap.

'Ha ha ha... That's awesome,' Mara laughed, her grin again showing altogether too much sparkling white teeth. 'It's a good idea you had, too. But you don't have to beg. And haven't you ever heard of foreplay, Miss Pond?' Mara's eyes slid wickedly over Amy's body, and she wriggled back over to her new toy, hands once again gripping her, bringing her closer. She kissed Amy again, her tongue confidently licking at her lips, teeth and tongue. Her body melded against Amy as she probed deeper into the redhead's mouth, her weight pushing Amy onto her back. Amy's hands lay inert at her sides, the knowledge that any resistance would be met by the collar or worse, the Arclight system, keeping her compliant.

Mara broke their kiss with a sharp intake of air, placing smaller, delicate kisses across Amy's cheeks, neck and collarbone. Amy felt a soft warmth on her inner thigh begin creeping up towards the hem of her skirt. Mara's hand slipped under the black fabric and her fingers tickled at the crotch of her panties, each tiny touch enflaming Amy's senses and making it harder to think straight. She found her hips moving, just slightly, to meet the teasing, delicate touches that Mara planted against her.

The sheer fabric offered no protection from Mara's questing fingers, and Amy soon felt the lightest of touches on her bare pussy. She yelped as Mara's index finger slipped inside her, and pushed herself away.

Mara eyed her new plaything, 'Command: strip naked.' She grinned evilly, draping herself over the bed and watching expectantly.

Amy felt herself stand, and was powerless to resist as she walked herself to the middle of the room, 'No! NO!' Her mind screamed as her hands went to the hem of her shirt and began pulling it over her head.

Mara admired her captive as more and more flesh was revealed to her hungry gaze. The look of helpless fear in Amy's eyes as her body acted against her will was pleasant to behold, but there were plenty of other things that were just as pleasant. Mara was surprised at just how good she looked; earlier, when Amy had been strapped down, she hadn't really taken the time to look properly. Everything had been so fevered and impulsive. Now, Mara took her time to drink in every detail of Amy's body. She was pleased to see that Amy struck the perfect balance between softness and tightness. Mara liked a little padding on her girls, and Amy's curves carried just the right amount of sweet softness; just enough to make her flesh pliant and smooth, not so much as to obscure her wonderfully toned muscles as they tensed in fear.

She was also surprisingly... bouncy, everywhere it counted. Mara had Amy do a number of twirls on the spot, to get the full visual, and she found herself mesmerized by the pert, firm sway of her breasts and the fun little wiggle her butt made as she moved. The girl also had legs for miles, which was something Mara appreciated. She had always considered herself more of a thigh girl, especially in those moments where two of them were wrapped around her neck.

Mara beckoned with a single crooked finger, and Amy swayed towards her, her shoulders slumped with defeat. She took Amy by the hand and gently guided her so that she lay bent over Mara's knee, her ass stuck high in the air.

Mara had joined up with Sander mainly because it had seemed like fun. Sure, she had lost her girlfriend in the Vesperian Rebellion, but then, she had lost countless lovers in more traumatic ways than that. She had loved Samantha, in an odd kind of way, but Mara was the kind of person who got over personal attachments quickly. But Sander's plan had allowed her to develop some cool new technology, and when she had seen the lustful look in his eyes upon first seeing Amy Pond on one of their regular hacking expeditions into the TARDIS, she knew that it would only get more fun.

Having said all that, Mara also recognized that Amy was here to be punished. She stroked down the curve of Amy's bottom, just for pervy fun, before she wound her hand back and spanked her, hard.

Amy jerked, crying out as the first blow cracked off of her taut ass cheek, leaving a red welt behind it. She tried to move away, but Mara froze her by pushing her long fingernails into the smooth bare skin at the small of her back.

Mara thought that this game was a lot of fun, and she began a flurry of open-palmed smacks against the captive girl's finely sculpted buttocks. She alternated her strikes, each one further reddening the creamy white flesh. Amy began to sob as her torment progressed, tears falling to the floor before her.

Eventually, Mara allowed Amy to roll off of her lap, the redhead crumpling into a sobbing heap, her ass practically glowing. Mara slithered up her naked body to brush the hair away from her face.

'Now, now, there's no need for that...' Mara said, wiping a tear from Amy's cheek and kissing her deeply. 'I bet I can get your motor running in no time, hottie.'

With that, she twisted Amy's hips into a better position and slid down onto her knees at the foot of the bed. Her fingers wormed their way between her thighs and pulled.

'Open your legs, Amy...' Mara purred, forcing Amy's soft thighs apart inch by precious inch. Amy winced when she felt the first tickle of hot breath between her legs. Mara gave a little laugh, and brushed her lips along the folds of Amy's vagina. Amy shivered at the intimate touch and pressed her thighs together to ward off the intrusion. Mara pushed back, keeping her legs spread wide.

'Don't make me use the collar, Amy,' Mara said, before sweeping her tongue along Amy's pussy, eliciting a long moan from the sex slave. It was all the invitation Mara needed, and she dove between Amy's legs with gusto.

Amy's whole body shook as Mara's first flick of the tongue hit her clit, sending bolts of heat shooting through her. Her mouth descended, tongue sliding into Amy's sweet honey pot, tasting her rapidly spreading juices. She could hear Amy's breath growing faster, more ragged as the scent of arousal filled Mara's nose.

Amy closed her eyes and sighed, turning her head away with a defeated expression. Her hands were limp at her sides, her whole posture radiating surrender and compliance. Mara felt good about that; at this point having Amy like this, a perfectly sweet and plaint sex toy, was just fine. Of course, she had some plans for Amy, and she was fairly sure that she could unleash the rampant slut that she had seen on the surveillance footage with a little... stimulation.

Even now, she couldn't help herself, and her beautiful body squirmed helplessly as Mara snaked in and out of her cunt, lapping at the liquid that spilled out. Mara could hear the occasional snuffle or sob; it seemed that Amy didn't like the prospect of having sex with a woman, or that Mara was being so successful at it so far. But her body was responding so delightfully, what she was thinking about didn't really matter.

Besides, Amy came from such a primitive society as it was. Her head was probably swimming with recriminations; of whether she was a lesbian for even remotely responding to Mara's attentions, or worse, whether she was just a slut. Of course, none of that mattered to Mara. She had grown up in a world where sexual orientation meant very little, and discrimination was non-existent. The word for what she was, was metasexual; anyone could be attractive to her, irrespective of gender, race or species, so long as she found them interesting. And that was where Amy found herself within Mara's wheelhouse.

Mara's lips sucked at Amy's clit, drawing repeated shivers of pleasure from the helpless girl.

She captured the tiny nub between her teeth, flicking her tongue over it with the occasional gentle bite, the latter action causing Amy to lift her hips off the bed and gasp loudly. Amy's thighs were quivering and tensing by Mara's ears, but she felt that she no longer needed to keep Amy's legs forced open. Her fingers joined the constant licking and sucking, long and graceful digits sliding easily into Amy's now incredibly juicy pussy. Her victim bucked at this new sensation, moaning a breathless plea for Mara to stop. Her voice cracked and trailed away as Mara began a slow fingering of Amy's cunt, curling her fingers and experimenting to find the most sensitive spots inside her. She found that there was an abundance of them.

Amy was incredibly sensitive and responded to even the lightest of touches. It was clear that oral sex was an extremely intimate act for her, and Mara wondered if even Rory had been down on her. If he hadn't, then Mara felt sorry for him; by now Amy's pussy was a warm tropical zone, and well worth visiting. The taste of it was quite intoxicating.

Mara had an extremely accurate sense of other women's bodies-probably a result of spending so much time thinking about them- and it had begun telling her that Amy was teetering on the edge of orgasm. Her eyes were still closed, but her expression carried a dreamy quality at odds with her previous tenseness. She trembled constantly, shaking in time with the long, sensual moans that accompanied each breath. Mara drew away from Amy, leaving her fingers still inside her increasingly hot depths, and reached up to stroke the taut surface of her stomach, drawing a shudder from the enraptured captive.

'Are you close, Amy?' Mara said in a singsong voice, fondling Amy's breasts absently. 'Will you cum for me?'

Amy's eyes opened slowly, revealing a dazed look, and she regarded Mara with addled brown eyes, as if she was trying to figure out the correct answer, 'Yes!' She panted, finally. 'Well, if you want to cum, you're going to have to do me first...' Mara gave that same predatory smile, and raised an eyebrow suggestively.

'Oh... No, please just... Uh!' Amy pleaded, her face twisting with desperation, her begging interrupted when Mara curled her fingers over a particularly sensitive place inside her, causing the walls of her vagina to spasm around her hand.

'That's the deal, Amy,' Mara said, withdrawing her wet fingers from the frustrated Amy and applied them to her Arclight wristband, hitting Amy with a level one pleasure blast. The girl would come around to Mara's way of thinking, given enough frustration.

'Mara, please!' Amy whined raggedly, desperately. 'Please... finish the job... make me cum...'

'No, Amy, you're going to work for this one. You get me off, and... well...' Mara's tongue circled Amy's clit one last time

Frustrated tears fell from Amy's eyes as she searched Mara's for any sense that she would let this one go. Mara stared back as the naked girl tried to hide her growing, pent-up lust and all consuming desperate need to cum. Eventually, she closed her eyes and gave a despairing whimper, 'Fine, I'll... I'll do it.' She said in a tiny voice.

Mara gave her a thumbs up, 'Alright!' She crowed and, leaping to her feet, she began to disrobe. She had a dancer's figure, but only under the assumption that this particular dancer had spent an inordinate amount of time perfecting their craft, or just plain working out.

Divested of her clothes Mara was all sweeping curves and feminine grace wrapped in the kind of pristine marble skin that caused artists to gain new inspiration and took the breath away from those less artistically talented. When she stood still, she looked statuesque. And not in a creepy, Weeping Angel kind of way, but in a "completely idealized thing of beauty," way.

Even with everything that had been going on, even with what she was expected to do, Amy couldn't help but feel self-conscious being naked around the similarly bare Mara. After all, the two of them were almost certainly being watched- she thought she heard the whirr of a camera lens zooming in- and Amy didn't like the idea of being compared to Mara.

'Ooh...' Mara crooned when she noticed Amy staring at her. 'You like what you see?'

'What? No!' Amy shook her head, partly as denial, partly to dislodge the building heat that was spreading through her as the Arclight continued its incessant work.

'Well, that doesn't really matter,' Mara sniffed, not really believing her anyway. 'Either way, you got a job to do.'

'Please don't make me do this, Mara!' Amy begged.

'Hey, it's totally fair play, Amy! You can't expect something for nothing, especially in your situation. You should feel lucky that you're not doing ALL of the giving, without receiving anything, slave,' Mara reminded her.

'But why ME? I don't have any experience in... this kind of thing! Besides, I'm a little distracted!' Amy bit her lip and shook a little as she finished speaking, leaving no doubt as to what, exactly, was distracting her.

'If you want to STOP being distracted,' Mara said softly, drawing her fingers along Amy's sodden pussy, 'then you'll have to work for it. As I believe I've said before. Now, no more arguing. Get on your knees.'

Amy gave a little whine, but stood up anyway. Slowly, she sank to her knees as Mara skipped to the bed and, giggling girlishly, presented her bare, petalling cunt, 'Be gentle,' Mara mocked, causing Amy to lower her head momentarily, a bitter, drawn-out sigh escaping her lips.

Amy eyed Mara's vagina with distaste, but the steadily building pressure between her own legs and the slow dripping of her juices onto the carpet made her ensuing course of action painfully obvious. She lowered her head between Mara's legs, her tongue slipping from her mouth to tentatively, gently lick Mara's pussy.

She felt Mara's hand stroking her hair encouragingly as she sped up, determined to get this over with so she could cum herself.

Amy's tongue licked up and down, making Mara grow hotter. She may have only been imitating what Mara had done earlier, but Amy had some natural talent at pussy licking. Her eyes might be brimming with a deep revulsion at the acts she was being forced to commit, but her cute little mouth was sending an entirely different message. Mara closed her eyes and tilted her head back.

This was the stuff that Mara loved; her sex life was long and colorful, and littered with moments like this. She had a history of being aggressively sexual, taking nominally straight girls and introducing them to the finer points of girl-on-girl love. Mara thought of it as education; she taught them what felt good, and all she asked in return was that they take a practical exam. A wet, heated, loud practical exam...

Mara wiggled her hips against Amy's face with a happy moan, wrapping her legs around the captive's neck and drawing her mouth in closer until her nose was pressed into Mara's light brush of pubic hair. Amy gave a plaintive little noise and looked up at Mara with big, sad eyes.

'Oh! Right there!' Mara cried as Amy's tongue hit upon something that worked very well. She repeated the motion a few more times, hoping that Mara would just finish up and be done with it.

As her tongue slid yet again into Mara's slit, Amy was surprised at the sheer heat the blonde was generating. Her juices spilled out onto Amy's face, sticky and wet, as both girls

struggled to catch a breath, though for different reasons. Mara gasped and shuddered heavily as Amy's inexperienced mouth brought her closer and closer to the edge. Then Amy's tongue flicked up in a new way, and every muscle in Mara's body tensed. Her fingers curled tightly into Amy's hair, her thighs tightening viselike around her neck, holding her mouth against her spasming cunt as she came, hard. Amy tried to pull away as Mara juiced copiously on her face. She found herself unable to as the stronger woman's well-muscled legs pulled together tightly in the grip of orgasm.

'Whoo!' Mara panted. She had had enough orgasms in her life to be able to recover from them pretty easily. She sat up, petting Amy's head with sardonic affection. 'You did well, Amy.'

Amy pulled away from Mara, breathing heavily. Her face was coated in a sticky sheen of pussy juice and her lips trembled nervously, but her eyes were wide and desperate.

'Alright, alright! Anything!' She gasped, 'Just, please...' Her eyes lowered, gazing despondently at her own nether-regions, disgusted at everything that was happening to her, 'Let me cum...' She whimpered.

'Ah, of course,' Mara smiled gently. 'How could I forget my own unfinished business?'

Both girls stood, Amy on unsteady, shaking legs, and traded places. Amy spread herself as wide as possible, her desperate need enflamed by Mara's cruel delaying. She wished that Mara would hurry and get her off, partially to relieve herself, and partly so that she would be left alone. Mara was only too happy to oblige.

She dove right back into Amy's pussy, her tongue probing deeply into the steaming heat and wetness. The added frustration of having to place Mara's need above her own had turned Amy's cunt from wet to positively volcanic, and Mara wondered just how much of that had to do with the Arclight. Her hand went to the switch, disabling the teasing device and easing Amy from artificial pleasure to a more natural kind of ecstasy.

Amy shivered in disgust. In truth, she hated the way Mara was making her feel, the way her skilled teasing made her enjoy being raped by another woman. She hated the blonde woman groaning between her legs, even as her mouth begged for more. Even as she tried in vain to suppress her own moans of pleasure.

Mara's mouth was insistent in its teasing, torturing motions, dragging ever louder moans from Amy, keeping up the terrible building pleasure. In many ways it was the same as the mean little teasing routine that Sander loved to play with her, only far worse: Sander's cock would tire of her, be unable to perform given enough time. Mara's mouth could be endless, relentless. The thought of Mara working her over even now was revolting to the resolutely straight Amy, and that didn't even take into account the other girl that Sander had in his employ.

The two captors that had used her so far seemed to love teasing Amy until she pleaded for an end to it. Mara's mouth moved to Amy's engorged clit, her lips rubbing and teasing the sensitive nub until Amy screamed. She didn't stop, dragging out Amy's desperate shrieks until her voice was hoarse and her breath ran out. She wanted Amy to beg for release. Time lost all meaning to Amy as Mara continued her cruel work, and after what seemed like an eternity, her pride was broken. She was only too happy to beg.

'M-Mara!' She wept. 'Please, I need to c-cum!'

Mara raised her head, making Amy cry out in frustration and disappointment. Mara grinned, 'You may cum, slut,' She gave a low laugh, plunging her tongue back into Amy's streaming mound even as Amy sobbed at being called a slut. Then again, after today the name might be accurate. She sobbed once more, wondering how she could ever face the Doctor or Rory again, her eyes drifting to the camera on the wall. They were watching, she knew. They were

watching as Mara's tongue speared into her and she tumbled over the edge into orgasm, the knowledge painful to her.

Amy's orgasm tore through her, erasing thought, erasing the humiliation of being made to cum by a woman, erasing everything but the pure, unadulterated feeling. She screamed, her throat releasing an endless series of babbling, hoarse cries as the orgasm made her skin feel as though it was on fire, and her nerves stream together into a mindless mass of writhing pleasure.

But Mara wasn't done. Her tongue continued licking, sucking and probing at Amy's cunt even as the walls of it clamped down on her tongue. Amy broke out into a series of multiple orgasms, chaining together without respite. Her body thrashed as waves of pleasure crashed against the edges of her mind, fraying her thoughts until all that was left was a drooling puddle of pleasure. She screamed out in hypersensitivity, her loud, strident voice echoing around the tiny room. Cumming repeatedly like this was becoming almost painful...

Then Mara's tongue was off her, and Amy's muscles were slowly allowed to unwind as she was released from her endless orgasms. She panted and gasped, drawing in desperate mouthfuls of air as her mind descended from the clouds and back into the cold steel walls of her cell. Every part of her shook as though in the grip of the most terrible cold, and humiliated tears streamed heavily down her burning red face.

Mara was suddenly beside her, their sweating naked flesh pressing together. The blonde took Amy's face in her hands and planted a deep, long kiss on her mouth, forcing her tongue against Amy's. She could taste her own orgasms on Mara's tongue, and it repulsed her. She pulled away, wiping a shaking hand across her mouth to remove the juices from her lips.

'You did well, pet. Did you like what I did to you?' Mara purred softly.

'No,' Amy sobbed. 'Why are you doing this to me?' She turned away from Mara, curling up on the bed as more sobs wracked her body. Mara stroked her hand languorously down Amy's side.

'Your mouth says one thing, but your body says quite another, my slutty little toy. And you know why we're doing this: It's so much fun.'

'I am NOT a slut,' Amy hissed through clenched teeth.

'Maybe not by traditional definitions. But you say we're raping you, then moan like a whore when we do.'

'That's because...' Amy stopped. Why WAS it? Sure, the Arclight could make her feel things she didn't want to, but she came for them, practically on cue. That wasn't the reaction of a woman being raped, surely. 'You make me do that...' She finished, but the excuse sounded weak even to her. Her cheeks burned with shame.

'Well, whatever,' Mara gave a contented sigh. 'I'm done with you, for now. I'll see you later, pet.'

Mara stood and, waving to Amy, went to the door. She gathered up her clothes and left the room, still naked, leaving the similarly bare Amy weeping in shame on the bed, her juices dripping down her thigh onto the floor.

Sander was waiting in the surveillance room alone when Mara walked in. He couldn't help himself; he ogled her naked form as she swept gracefully into the room. She might have been comfortable being naked in front of him, but there was no possible way she could have been more comfortable with it than he was. Sander had never considered a dress code for his workplace, but he was considering it now, just as she was. Of course, he wondered whether nudity could even be considered a dress code at all. Anti-dress code maybe...

'Wow!' He cheered, applauding his unbearably sexy assistant. He didn't need to say

anything else, “wow” pretty much encapsulated it.

Mara’s eyes surveyed the images of Amy on the screens. Even on a security camera, they could see Amy shaking quite noticeably. ‘I bet YOU couldn’t do that to her, Sander...’ Mara grinned, taking her naked self across the room to the other door, the one to her room. She could feel Sander’s gaze on her ass, and didn’t mind it at all.

‘I’m going to try like fuck the next chance I get!’ Sander exclaimed. Mara laughed loudly as the door closed on her. She had sort of hoped she could inspire a little competition between them. It made things so much more interesting for everyone, especially Amy...

When Amy awoke, she found herself in a familiar location, suspended on the cross-like table she had been on when she had first come here. She was naked, her skin gleaming under a bright white light. The rest of the room was relatively dark, and with the spotlight shining in her eyes Amy could see very little of her surroundings. From what she could tell, she was suspended off the ground, although looking down revealed very little beyond the soles of her feet. She gave a lamenting little whine when she realized that, stripped though she was, she still had the Command Collar wrapped around her neck.

There was the tapping of shoes on cold metal. The other woman, Shimizu, resolved from the dimness beyond. She was dressed in loose fitting white clothes, and an Arclight wristband showed prominently on her arm.

Shimizu eyed Amy coldly, ‘Sander and Mara have lost their focus, you know.’ She said, her voice oddly stilted and quiet. She stalked closer to Amy, staring out at her from under a thick black fringe, ‘They’re content to use you as their little sex toy, then leave you alone until the mood strikes them again.’

‘Believe me, I know,’ Amy said, struggling against her restraints. The whole routine was beginning to dissolve her previous helplessness and make her angry again. She thought that she had gotten past it, but here she was, tied up again and ready to be fucked by another one of these freaks. It was bad enough when they were just sexually torturing her.

‘Well, that’s not exactly right, is it?’ Shimizu said. Amy was finding that she had to strain in order to hear the almost imperceptible words of her new jailer. ‘I mean, that isn’t why you’re here, is it?’

‘What?’

‘You’re here for our revenge against the Doctor, Amy. Nothing personal, but I can’t handle the idea of that man getting away with killing my Mira. We do terrible things for love, don’t we? Unfortunately, Sander and Mara have forgotten that. They always were easily distractible. But I’m not.’ Shimizu’s hand went to her wristband, and started the Arclight burning into Amy’s flesh with a combined pleasure/pain blast of five.

Amy screamed as the machine tore through her, the two distinct sensations again settling in different areas: the pleasure between her legs, the pain in her chest. Both feelings spread and fought to meet in her belly. Her muscles grew taut against her shackles, her bare skin sliding against the cold metal. She felt as though she would split in two. Every nerve sang with the two disparate sensations, and the terrible result of the two combined. She could feel her pussy begin to dampen even as tears of pain fell from her clenched shut eyes.

But Shimizu had only started at level five because she had never used the Arclight system before. She ramped it up all the way to eleven, watching impassively, even coldly, as Amy began contorting against the table with renewed vigor.

If level five had been extremely unpleasant, level eleven was pure hell. Every cell in Amy’s body convulsed with desperate, animal pleasure. Every cell in her body seemed to be tearing itself apart. The twin dragons of agony and ecstasy consumed every part of her, all

burning fire and mind-shattering pleasure. Her vision blurred, dwindling away into points of light in the darkness. Her hearing faded out, the sounds of her own screaming retracting away from her. She began to lose the feeling in her hands and feet, a tide of numbness spreading up to her center. It was becoming hard even to keep enough air in her lungs to scream.

Amy felt herself losing consciousness. In the center of her vision, Shimizu's face was just barely visible, chilled dark eyes staring at her with an anticipatory glint. She was never going to turn off the Arclight, Amy realized. She wants to keep going. Amy could feel her mind slipping away, and she knew that when it did, that would be the end. She would die, here, alone, with her friends unable to lift a finger to save her. This time, the Doctor would not come to her rescue.

The door slammed open. Someone roared. Amy saw Sander, just before she saw the void. Sander and Mara stormed the lab, feet echoing stridently off the steel floor. Mara rushed to Amy's side, just in time to see her faint. Sander grabbed Shimizu roughly by the arm, tore the Arclight band from her wrist hard enough to cut her arm and draw blood.

His panicked fingers worked the console, shutting down the system entire and collapsing the wireless field that powered it. Amy's body, tensed by the system even in unconsciousness, went suddenly, horribly limp. Sander had seen dead bodies before, and Amy looked somehow worse.

He found another button, pressed it. The shackles restraining Amy went liquid and she fell out of them straight into Mara's arms.

'Still alive?' Sander barked, voice rising into unfamiliar, shrill registers. He watched on tenterhooks as Mara checked for a pulse. She nodded, her face grave and serious for the first time in Sander's memory. He slumped, exhaling explosively. If he hadn't been watching the surveillance cameras, if this had been allowed to continue for a few seconds more...

This was NOT part of the plan.

Sander wheeled around, all fire and fury. Shimizu stood impassively, almost bored, in one corner, nursing her bleeding arm. She shrugged as Sander glared at her, causing him to rush forward with a furious growl.

'What the fuck do you think you're doing?' He snarled, grabbing her by the shoulders and shaking her roughly.

'Sander!' Mara called out. 'We need to move her, I think.'

'Take her to the med bay,' Sander said in a dull, heavy voice. 'Stabilize her, whatever she needs. I'll deal with things here.'

'This charade you're running is grotesque, Sander.' Shimizu said as Mara left the room, carrying Amy in her surprisingly strong arms. 'You've forgotten the real reason that she's here. The Doctor, Sander.'

'You could have killed her, Shimizu!'

Shimizu nodded, 'That is what I was aiming for, yes.'

The slap rang out across the room, the only sound for several seconds. Shimizu eyed Sander coldly, her head turned slightly from the force of the blow, her cheek stinging.

'You need to leave.' Sander said, turning on his heel. 'You need to leave, right now. Or I'll call the security drones.'

Shimizu's fingers curled into fists as Sander left her. He had made his choice. She had to leave. For now.

'What did you do with her?' Mara asked as Sander joined her.

'She's leaving the program, Mara. How's Amy?'

Mara nodded, 'Alive. Obviously she would be better for not being bitch slapped by the Arclight, but she'll be fine. Shimizu really wanted the Doctor mad, huh?'

Sander took a seat, looking over the prostrate Amy. She still slept like the dead, eyes sunken into her head, face pale and ashen. Sander's eyes searched her, looking concerned.

'Yeah, she did. She went over our heads, Mara. You should be angrier. Leaving aside the prospect of losing Amy, I for one would not want to be the guy who killed one of the Doctor's companions.' Sander sighed, burying his head in his hands. 'Thank god she's still alive...'

'Uh, yeah... That's the OTHER thing...' Mara shifted uncomfortably.

'What?'

'The Doctor... When Shimizu started doing her thing... He sped up. He cracked thirty-three percent of the trail in the last ten minutes. I set up some roadblocks and more false traces, but... He's pissed off, Sander. He's coming here, and I don't know how long I can stall him from the lab here.'

'The way you qualified that makes it seem like you've got a plan?'

Mara snorted, 'Of course I've got a plan, boss. We just need to take a little trip, is all.'